



of  
Hallmarks  
by  
P. Settle

HARPETH HALL MIDDLE SCHOOL

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# Hallmarks '78

### Members

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Jeanne Harris secretary/treas.  
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Melinda Stanfill  
Misty Sperry  
Betsy Swartzbaugh  
Trilby Williams  
Lynne Wolfe

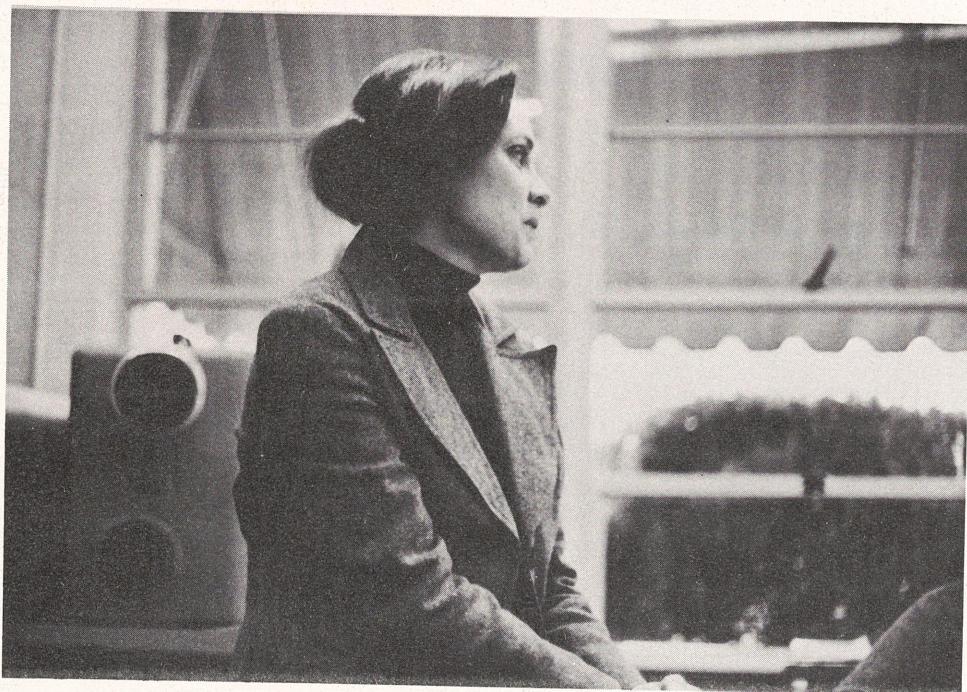
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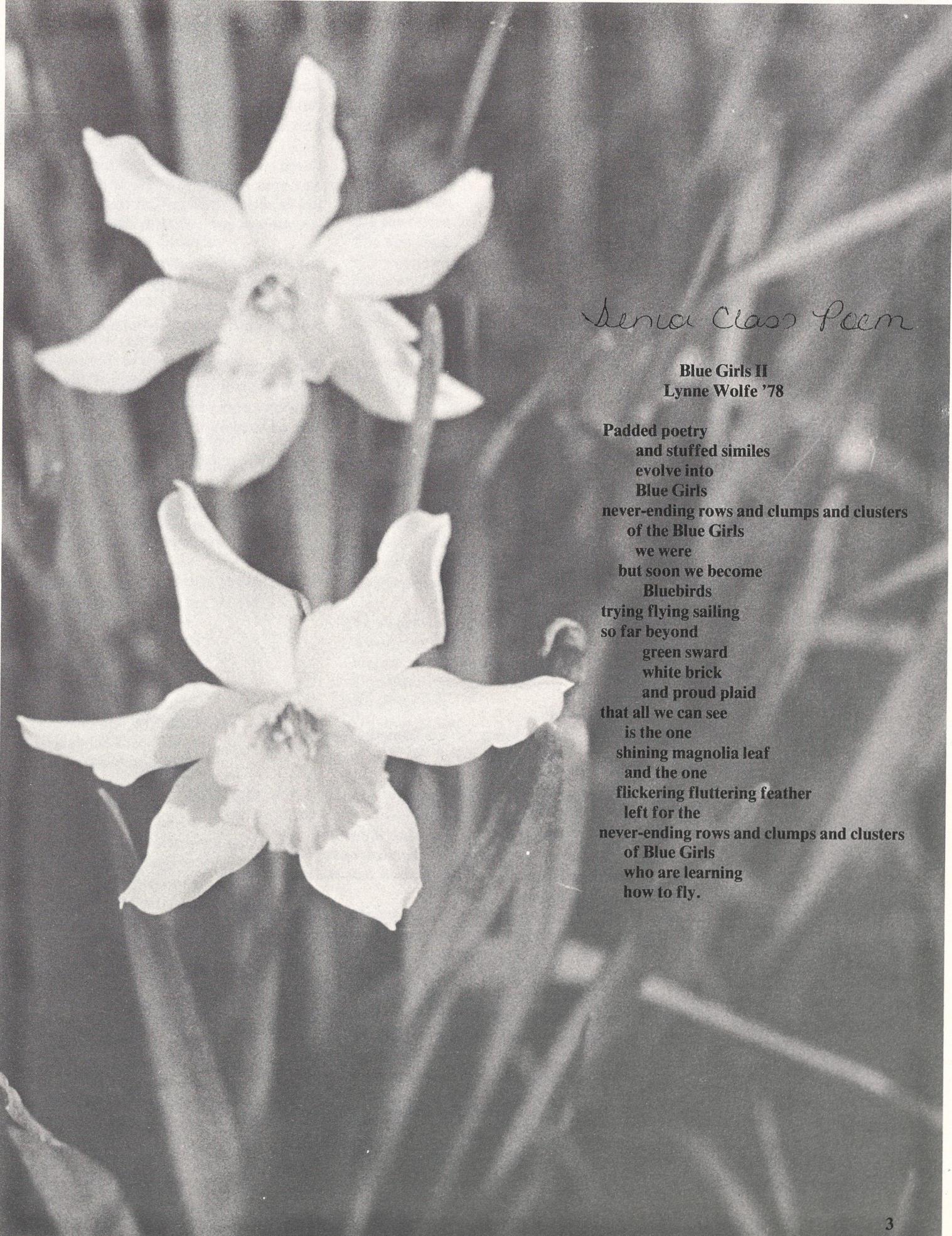
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Editor Beth Bowers



This 1978 edition of *Hallmarks* is dedicated with deep affection and great appreciation to our everlasting help and unending support—Mrs. Sarah Stamps. Behind every page of *Hallmarks* is the love and care of Mrs. Stamps and everything of her that has formed Penstaff what it is this year. And, moreover, because we love her, we, the Penstaff Club of 1977-1978, dedicate this publication to Mrs. Stamps.





*Senior Class Poem*

**Blue Girls II**  
Lynne Wolfe '78

Padded poetry  
and stuffed similes  
evolve into  
**Blue Girls**  
never-ending rows and clumps and clusters  
of the **Blue Girls**  
we were  
but soon we become  
**Bluebirds**  
trying flying sailing  
so far beyond  
green sward  
white brick  
and proud plaid  
that all we can see  
is the one  
shining magnolia leaf  
and the one  
flickering fluttering feather  
left for the  
never-ending rows and clumps and clusters  
of **Blue Girls**  
who are learning  
how to fly.

Luke  
Susie Davies '79

Muddy footsteps all across my page,  
A cold foot on my nose in the morning,  
A distressed meow from the outside in the rain,  
Comforting purring in my lap at night,  
Just an old alley cat  
or  
maybe  
A special alley cat.



Jill Gutmann '79

I'm out of place in my world of hopes  
And all my dreams seem real.  
But I know deep down it can't come true  
The way I really feel.

I need a helping hand sometimes  
And your friendship by the score.  
But receiving, having, and wanting  
Are things I got from you more.

Receiving your friendship  
Is more than I can take;  
All I need is reassuring  
And I'll know you're not a fake.

Having everything I want  
Is too much of my downfall;  
I always know you'll be there  
When I need a friend to call.

Wanting to feel so free and lovely  
Is too much like my dreams;  
I guess I've come to realize  
The world isn't all it seems.

Deckerville, Michigan: Scenes from the dormer east  
Suzy Bell '79

The holocaust began as an applause, to nature. A few singles began with rest jumping in later; such is life. The quarter of the moon was still visible in the heavens. The lunar body had the appearance of the old man moon in the nursery rhyme. But, curbed by scientific discovery, one realized that the moon was not made of blue cheese.

Say cheese for the camera, nature. A faded will o' the wisp still insulates the fields of beans as glass wool. Figures take their vague shapes on the vertical horizon, if you are looking sideways. They evoke figures of haystacks from storybooks, with an irresponsible, ignorant youth underneath; such is the result in many cases. Perhaps that is the best way to be. The elders reveal 'look to the stars.' If so, I would rather gaze at dawn than a computer any day.

Rising above the telephone wire, the straight slopes of the barns denote man's thin line of creation, with an abrupt end. The rough lines of earth ramble profusely in an unending line. The finale arises above a T-shaped telephone pole. An exotic perfect circle of flame hangs as one might expect the Wizard of Oz to reveal himself. Instead, the infrared sunlamp.

**Childhood In Passing**  
Misty Sperry '80

As a child we made  
Things become what they weren't.  
Dolls became people  
With real personalities  
And lived in their miniature  
Houses as first-class citizens.  
Sticks became horses  
Galloping to the finish line  
Of a made-up Kentucky Derby  
In anticipation of the  
First place honors.

Wild roller coaster rides  
Were made of tractors  
Pulling little red wagons  
Up small but steep hills  
Waterfalls consisted of  
Small slides, which emptied  
Into plastic backyard swimming pools.  
Fear was overcome  
By sled rides down  
Long hilly driveways  
When we weren't even driving.

We had elaborate dinner parties  
For the President of the United  
States on small tables  
And chairs with plastic  
Dishes and paper cups  
With riddles on them.  
The menu consisted of  
Cookies and milk or koolaid,  
Which the President  
Thoroughly enjoyed.

Big business was carried  
On at the street corner  
At our daily lemonade stand.  
While our only regular cus-  
Tomers were Moms who  
Had made the refreshments,  
The pennies piled up  
At five cents a glass.

Garages turned into evil  
Places when the neighbor-  
Hood Muscular Dystrophy Carnival  
Came around each year.

In the deepest dark of night,  
When all was still and quiet,  
Giant monsters jumped out  
Of the shadows to  
Kill any of us who  
Dared get out of bed

Before morning.  
Some of them were nice  
But none of them  
Could be trusted.

One day, out of thin air,  
Jan appeared to entertain me.  
Although only I  
Could see her,  
We were friends—  
The best kind.  
She was never  
Mean or  
Naughty or  
Rude.  
I trusted her.  
She was the best and most  
Faithful friend I had.

As I grew up,  
So did my mind.  
And Jan died  
Just as a dream does  
The minute one wakes up  
To reality.  
But like a dream  
Her memory lingers  
As a fond milestone of youth.

As we grow older and  
Wiser, our minds  
Mature and we realize  
That these one-time realities  
are all fantasy.  
We seem to lose  
Our childhood  
Faith,  
Innocence,  
And dreams.

**The Tennis Game**  
Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

"Your serve or mine?"  
"Yours"  
"How's your wife?"  
"Ok I guess. Yours?"  
"15-Love. Pretty as ever."  
"Business ok?"  
"Another bankruptcy"  
"Nice backhand."  
"Your mom ok?"  
"Still in intensive care."  
"30-15"  
"Nice shot."

**Wishful Thinking**  
Jeannie Cochran '79

We're all so busy, so absorbed in our  
own little world. So anxious to be 16 when 13,  
to be 18 when 16—but when people reach  
"adulthood" they look back and say,  
"Boy, I sure had it easy back then—those  
were the best years of my life." It's all sort of  
silly if you ask me, the way the young always  
wish to be older, and the old wish they were  
young again. Why don't we all slow down  
a little bit and savor each year, because  
each one holds something different and new.

**Martha Stamps '79**

Right now I feel fine.  
That's rather a strange way to feel.  
But no deficiencies are coming.  
I don't have to skip lunch to fit into my  
swimming suit.  
There's no worrying about what  
people might think—if they notice I'm  
different, they're rather observant.  
My sisters are coming home (I love them—  
and besides, I'm dying to wear Mary's  
pink Izod).  
There's no one that hasn't called  
or written (well, of course there're  
some, but the ones that have called  
make up the difference).  
I have the most supportive, thoughtful,  
gamesane group of friends that exist.  
I feel fine (damn, that feels good).

**Amy**  
**Christie Ewing '79**

I don't know her  
But she has something that none of us have.  
She seems to try to give it away  
each time she performs.  
It's much more than the talent she gives,  
though it's all we take;  
She offers so much more  
That no one wants or understands.  
The hugs and tears after each show  
are inevitable but  
are not what she wants for us.



**Untitled**  
**Grace Hall '79**

An autumn ride upon the hills  
A bunch of yellow daffodils  
A candy heart sent by you  
Whenever I am sad and blue

A smile when it's a rainy day  
A hand to wash my tears away  
A secret that you tell to me  
When we are quite alone, you see

The little things I hold so dear  
When we're apart or very near.

**Falling**  
**Lynne Wolfe '78**

Stop  
Please  
It's floating away  
I grasp  
but it only flows  
through my fingers  
away.

I don't know where it goes.  
I don't know.

I fell in love once  
and it's so hard  
to fall out.

**Falling**  
down and  
down  
until you hit bottom  
with a thud.

I have to climb my way back up, but  
I'm not ready to fall.  
I won't let it happen, but  
I couldn't help the beginning—  
what now?

Inevitably  
gravity takes hold.  
I've been suspended  
and floating  
just too long.  
One more minute  
one more step  
and I will  
fall.

Melissa Norton '81

I think of you sometimes at night,  
When all is calm and still,  
Not so much what you do, but what you are—  
You're a dream to be followed to the heavens,  
hopes soaring into space,  
You are youthful beauty.  
You're a generation transfigured in 86 girls,  
You're every generation—past present—  
for through you we see success.  
There's no need to worry about you now—  
our confidence in you is inexpressible;  
it's really "us" that disturbs me.  
Moreover, what will become of the "us" that is left:  
the "me" who remains to succeed  
the "you" that is taken away.  
And what our memories,  
mingling to become one—  
the little ones and the big ones.  
At last I fall asleep  
dreaming about two futures: yours and mine,  
and leaving "our" yesterday treasured always.

All my love to the Seniors of '78.

The Man of My Dreams  
Allison Schaffner '79

The man of my dreams  
is such a darling guy.  
He is so very tall  
that he reaches to the sky.

His face is so zitty  
that he's always getting knocks,  
But what should it matter to me  
... if he has the chicken pox?

His hair is long and straggly,  
and it's always filled with grease,  
And though he is so ugly,  
my love will never cease.

He has a skinny, winny body  
without a single muscle.  
And though he is a super clutz,  
he's really quite a jewel.

So when he called me up that night  
to ask me to the prom,  
My heart beat fast and viciously,  
and I was not so calm.

Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Social problems and politics  
being of age.  
and what should we do  
and now  
and that wouldn't work  
and "I" don't think that  
and what does it really  
matter anyway, when  
you get right down to  
it, except everything.  
culture, society  
learning, lifestyles  
and social  
interaction

What does it really matter except all  
but then are all these things worth  
the arguing, the eyes, the conflict,  
the confusion, the frustration, the meat  
of student life? I'm at times tempted to  
think no (or should I say "not"?)

And there are no ultimate, empirically  
provable, completely faultless, *right*  
answers. It's all based on our  
upbringing, on our culture and society,  
on what we are trying so hard  
to deal with, and what

we cannot help but developing for the next  
generation. It's all based on something that in  
the end is nothing, except human life, as stupid  
and farcical as it is. The only thing that in the  
end is of meaning is whether or not I have  
taken the time to listen and smile enough to  
have had a friend, or maybe even a lover.

So now I sit here by the phone  
thinking of what it will be.  
This will be my special night  
'cause he's the boy for me.

He will not be dressed  
in an ugly, cotton tux.  
Instead he'll go to K-Mart  
for the bomb-shell deluxe.

He'll clad his handsome body  
in a knit leisure suit  
With a purple, striped T-shirt  
and, boy, will he look cute!!

Then he'll pick me up  
in a rusty Ford truck,  
And we'll dine at McDonald's  
to save him a buck.

Then we'll go to the prom  
to waltz the night away,  
But if the music gets too loud,  
we surely will not stay!

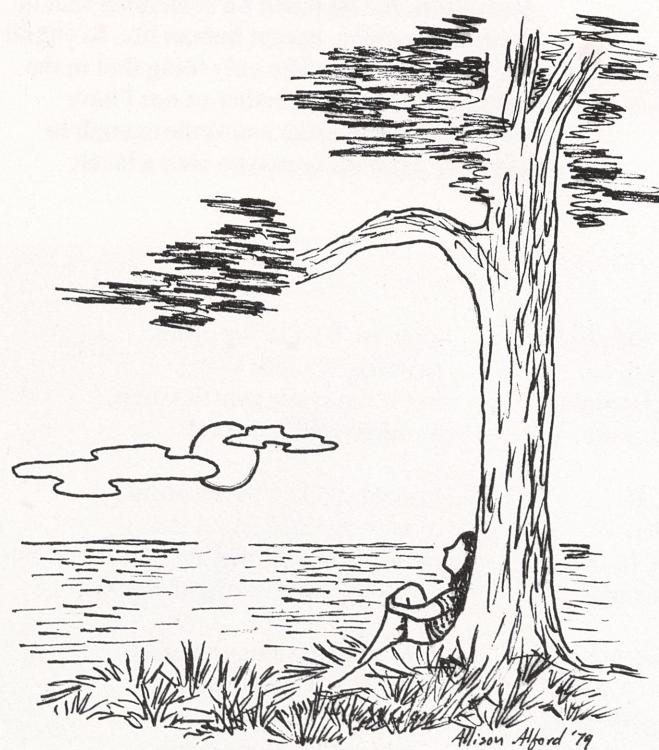
Instead we'll go to the library  
to have an intellectual talk.  
Or maybe we'll read about our hobbies  
"The Exciting World of Rocks."

And when the magical clock  
will strike the time of 10,  
We'll hop into his truck  
and return to home again.

He will walk me to my door  
and give my hand a shake,  
And then my Romeo will ride away  
with my heart as his keepsake.

To You  
Lynne Wolfe '78

I hate cute poetry . . .  
"Your eyes are like roasted almonds."  
Your hair is like . . . I don't know—  
roses maybe?  
Suppose I told the truth—  
Your hair is like a dog  
I saw in the park yesterday,  
and your eyes, well,  
they're more like Christmas trees  
and skies than any almond—  
green and blue with clashes of red—  
more like a road map.  
You could never be a rose, or an almond,  
or anything like that.  
You're a poem, but  
not one of mine.  
You're His poem.  
That's why I can never quite  
find a rhyme or a rhythm in you.  
They're hidden in your hair and in your eyes,  
and in roses and almonds.



Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Dance little girl  
while you have the chance  
you don't ask to grow up  
you just turn around  
and are.  
And if you dance when grown  
you'd better be a ballerina  
—or expect to make a fool of yourself.



Melissa Norton '81

The sunset reflects on the water,  
making the ripples shine.  
I sit above that water in the shade  
Of a tree twice as old as I.  
Its golden leaves flutter to  
the ground, burying it in the summer  
youth of the tree.  
The peak of the tree is marked by  
a single limb, bright with color that  
lights the sky: its background.  
My dreams are born in that tree's  
summit, and they too are alive  
with a prospect of a future.  
As the tree's high point, my dreams will someday  
be covered with more branches of hope.  
But this day I trust this whispering part  
of the year, with my future's aspects, which  
tomorrow might have changed . . .  
like the tree.



**Squirrels**  
Betsy Bass '79

A lifeless cuddle of fur.  
Seconds ago running to your mate.  
And then a man  
Who had no time to stop  
or swerve.  
And then a bounce.  
One sickening bounce, and your  
carefree, joyful life is gone.  
Taken by a man  
Who had no time to stop.  
A pathetic trickle of life runs from you  
as your mate dashes to your side.  
I am stopped.  
Wanting to cry  
To hold you  
To say I'm sorry  
for the man who had no time.

**Bringer of Life**  
Becky Hinshaw '79

Hold me closer for a while  
Let me feel the beating of your heart  
against my chest  
I know you will never wash my staining tears  
from your front  
Sitting in your lap I see the setting sun  
through the kitchen window  
God, I pray you will see it for years and years  
I cry when I think that you might die  
and I will die  
I feel so helpless  
Because I can't stop time and we're both growing  
older  
When I leave your heart will break  
But we'll pick up the pieces and  
I pray I'll be like you as you were  
for me,  
My childhood monument, I guess.  
But Oh Lord, Mother!  
I don't want to grow old  
Yet you take it with such grace  
that I feel guilty about wanting  
forever youth.  
And Mother, though I'll grow aged  
Let me keep my youth,  
Forever in your heart.

Catherine Fleming '79

Love as abundantly as air.  
Each breath of air kindles a life  
Each life kindles a world.

Buzzy Bouchard '79

love blooms.  
it is picked.  
but,  
without care  
die it will.  
so,  
give.  
and, then,  
we will need a vase.

Melinda Stanfill '78

Lisping absurdities and winking at space  
she endeavors to explain the necessity of a lie  
conceived innocently enough, but growing all  
the same. Was there not yet a chance for it  
to be aborted, or would she, like others  
long remembered for their sin be confined  
to those who refused to forget?

Beth Ely '80

There was a fat woman with sagging  
breast and thin brown hair  
who used to keep us when we were  
little  
We used to call her mama - but that  
wasn't all... we called her many  
things - when she wasn't looking  
now, though, she is dead and we don't  
call her anything  
we just stay at home  
watching the small ones who  
call us mother  
tending the little lambs  
of our love  
- yet flinching as we turn  
away

To A Friend  
Misty Sperry '80

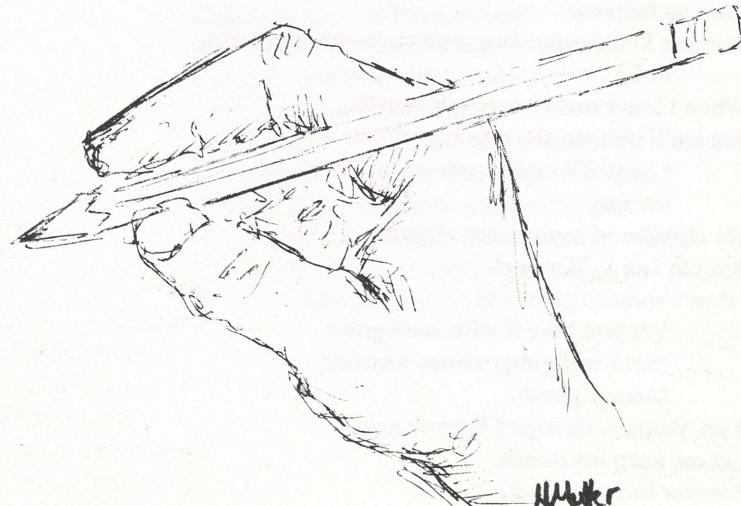
You've been all  
A friend could ever be.  
We've been through oceans  
And winds on stormy seas.  
Together we've seen daybreak and dawn  
And all of life's calamities.

You've done all  
A friend could ever do.  
Your cheerful notes  
And continuous loving deeds  
Always seem to keep  
My spirits afloat.

You've been all  
A friend could ever be.  
Thanks for accepting me  
As I am and not as you'd have me be.  
Friendships as solid and strong as ours  
Cannot be broken by earthly powers.  
You've been all I could hope for you to be.  
I hope our friendship will last  
Throughout eternity.

Beth Bowers '79

I hear your footsteps fade far away,  
And soon, their echo, too, will die.



Kristen Glasgow '78

Things seem so crazy now,  
My life upside down.  
A span of life about to end,  
Only to be replaced by another.  
I see myself changing, growing.  
Setting new goals, working hard  
at my present ones.  
Time quickly passing,  
Brings memories of past adventures,  
old loves, and happy moments.  
Pressures all around  
will only make me grow,  
And accept my world as it is presented  
to me.  
I think on the past, look to the future,  
and live the present  
as it comes.

A Thing of the Past  
Holly Zimmerman '81

It seems like yesterday "we" came  
to be, yet yesterday's long ago.  
I guess we've come a long way.  
Where now? I need to know.  
I know we can't see the future,  
but how long will the present last?  
And what will I do, with or  
without you, when "now" is a  
thing of the past?  
Life's changes—they come so quickly  
and are gone before I see  
How they've rearranged my life  
and what they've left of me.  
The future holds many changes,  
but what am I to do  
But wonder about my future—if  
there's a place in it for you.  
I know that you're no prophet,  
but I'm asking, and if so, why:  
Are the feelings we share immortal,  
or, like us, are they soon to die?

Fragments from English Class  
Lynne Wolfe '78 and Betsy Swartzbaugh '78  
as a tribute to Advanced Composition

Lynne: See the comma.  
See the comma rules on page 127.  
See me throw up all over page 127.  
See the authority call the ambulance.  
See the cute ambulance attendant.  
See me laugh all the way to the hospital.

Betsy: See the funny girl.  
She's lost her mind.  
See the smiling lady.  
She did it.  
She teaches commas.  
She doesn't like vague "it"s.  
See the vague "it".  
See the funny girl.

Lynne: See the book.  
It is called Harbrace.  
Look at the book.  
Look at rule 27-B.  
What a funny coincidence.  
Is that a funny coincidence?

Betsy: I consider it rather pitiable.  
I'm in 27-C.  
We can be neighbors.

Lynne: See the girls.  
See their pretty skirts.  
They are called kilts.  
I thought only Scottish clans wore kilts.  
Are the girls in a Scottish clan?  
No.  
Then why do they wear kilts?

Betsy: See the funny book.  
It is called the Harpeth Hall handbook.  
See the little list.  
It's called a detention list.  
See the little girl not wearing a kilt.  
See the little girl at school on Saturday morning.  
See the funny book.  
Not so funny, huh?

Susie Davies '79

Buzzy Bouchard '79

the tear is a gift.  
runs—  
for it is chased . . .  
sparkles—  
for there is . . .  
love.

Hey—  
I'm sorry  
for not listening or sympathizing,  
for not having patience,  
for not giving enough of myself.  
I just get so involved in my own everyday living  
that . . .  
I forget to stop and say—  
I care.

Norda Aguila '80

honey, i really miss you.

ever since you left me  
things have gone so crazy  
i'm going out of my head

i still don't know what  
happened between us.  
i guess i'll never know,  
but one day, as i wait,  
patiently living on memories  
of you and me  
i hope that you'll  
come back and tell me  
why—if anything  
we had to quit  
stop what we had going  
for us

i won't force you but  
if you change your  
mind, we could pick up  
where we left off or  
start all over again.  
either way is fine but  
just come back  
when you think the time is right

the beautiful memories  
all the good and a few  
bad times we had together  
while you lived in me,  
and me in you  
although you've left i know that  
we both still have  
a part of the other  
intact within us

my mind is always filled  
with thoughts of you  
that won't leave.  
i've tried every possible way  
to forget you but i can't  
something inside keeps telling  
me that i shouldn't even  
if i could

everything everywhere  
reminds me of you  
especially those love songs  
i hear as i turn on  
any radio  
oh, why do they torture me so?

at night when i think  
i'm ready to get some slumber,  
i end up thinking more  
of you and cry—  
i can't stand it anymore  
'cause i'm lacking you  
when i think i can't  
escape from this crazy  
madness i go through  
every day and night,  
sleep's hushing voice  
tucks me in to get some  
winks just in the nick of time

see what i mean?  
please come back  
i still love you, love  
you very much.  
i always will 'cause  
you're the only one i  
could love the way i loved you

nobody else  
why? you might ask—  
because you're like a  
rare gem, very few like  
you are hard to find  
in this world of masks

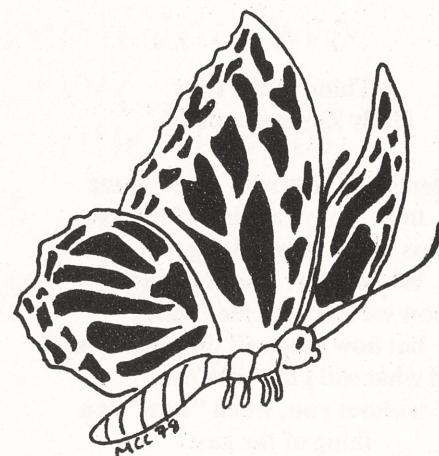
the shatter of a broken  
heart, falling apart,  
falling,  
drifting into a void of  
loneliness  
please come back if you  
want and when you do  
please catch these drifting  
pieces, pieces only you  
can catch and put  
them back together  
when you do, and wait 'cause  
i'll go and get some glue.

My Attitude To Trouble  
Catherine Fleming '79

I see a bee.  
I look at the floor.  
A dead bee—nothing more.  
I have some tea.

Shere Khan  
Kitty Cawood '79

Through the veil of the rainbow  
Creeps Shere Khan—  
And we see and hesitate;  
Then we continue on because  
We know there's no stopping.  
And the birds can't sing  
because the song just  
isn't the same—  
isn't the same. anymore.  
Shere Khan comes for me and  
he comes for you.  
The steps we take in fear  
We must retrace before we've gone  
too far yes—  
too far  
too far



Still Born  
Ann Ewing '80

Never had the chance to live  
nor,  
Felt the pain of death.  
Never felt his mother's touch,  
but  
Touched his mother's feelings.  
Never breathed air,  
and  
Never saw light.  
His loss hurt some,  
but  
He was never hurt.  
Was never loved,  
hence  
Never knew that security.  
Never wronged another,  
so  
Now he lives above.

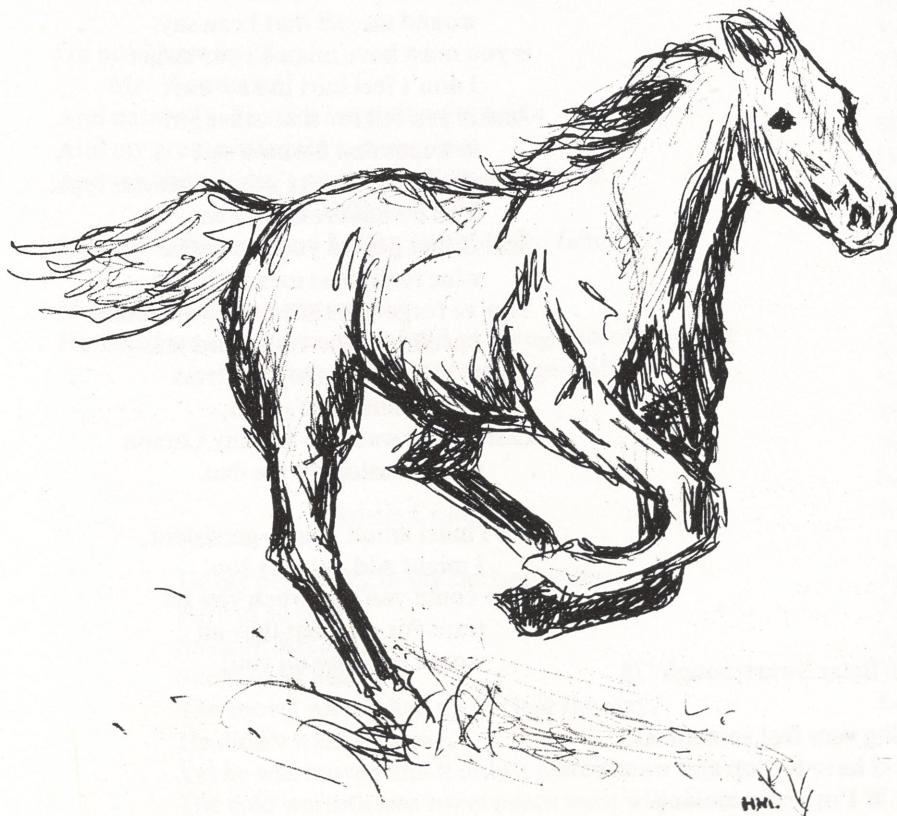
**Laughter . . .**  
**Lynne Wolfe '78**

And thus, the bell tolled. For you for me for Robert Jordan. But you and I—we're different. We are escaping, living, loving, letting the wars fight themselves to stimulated stalemates on Joni's paprika plains. They will finish us, too, swirling and swirling to a flourishing finish in a funnel of dust and storm.

We can laugh, we have the right. Because we know the pawns get rooked and the knights turn their stately existence into night and still we laugh because we know the pages of papyrus crumble, Elizabeth waits for her own Sir Walter Raleigh; high in the mountains the sacrificial screams resound as the Mayan priests offer unto the gods and demons of love and war, but still all we can do is laugh.

All that we know—all that is left to us, is no longer a gift but an escape, our green hobbit hole door through which we cling and climb; our hairy hobbit toes barely reaching and almost lost in the soft hollow clink as the final door closes. The echoes of our laughter subside yet reflect and rebound off dirt walls leading always downward. We follow them and we lead them until even laughter cannot ripple and glide, never again soar.

Downward ever downward but the inspiration has fled crying in the corner, a stale dank dark corner of old cheese and withered wanderings—the ring has lost its magic and all is visible. "Yes," says Bilbo, "A hobbit hole is safe and sturdy, stay and feast with me." But we continue ever downward, and a whisper, then a final echo, returning from the last bend in the tunnel, and in its seed and in its blossom that laughter's frailty nourished we can open our eyes to gloom and open our ears once again to nothing, and finally we can laugh.



**Betsy Swartzbaugh '78**

Colors drain and swerve to the left  
toes crawling right into  
colors that are left  
behind.  
Hazy blues on greasy green and brown  
being tied in knots around the ground.  
close your eyes  
and sleep, child,  
the world'll be rose in the morning  
and yellow.

**Amy Kirkpatrick '79**

An unloved and unwanted person,  
we all feel that way sometimes,  
we long to be in someone's arms,  
to feel secure like we did as  
children when held close by our  
mother on some thundering evening.  
To know that we are loved and  
cherished for ourselves and for our  
funny dreams, not for our riches,  
fine possessions and the fancy,  
cultured lives that we live. We've  
grown up in the world of competition,  
trying to be better than others, prettier,  
and smarter—But what we all need  
is the right person to say—Slow down,  
stop acting—I love you and want you  
just the way you are. We need the  
chance to realize that God put us  
on this earth to be ourselves, not  
someone's carbon copy—We are young  
and really just small grains of sand  
in the world, but for me just knowing  
that someone loves enough to look  
down deep inside and find what  
nobody else had the time to try  
and find, is my special way of  
feeling loved and secure—  
Thank you Lord Jesus  
for being that  
someone—



Becky Hinshaw '79

I have loved you for so long,  
for so much  
and I've climbed so high  
from your love  
That if you show me your imperfections now,  
I'll push me off the mountain  
That I've built for myself,  
And I will fall forever  
and never land at the bottom  
never climbing again.  
Some would say that's quitting,  
to stop my climbing attempts.  
You're always supposed to get back  
on the horse when he bucks you  
off no matter how many times, he does.  
But a horse never held me  
touched me with his hand,  
his heart,  
his mind,  
his soul  
Or spoke to me of "kings and sealing wax."  
But if you are my horse—don't turn to straw  
Or I'll set fire to both of us  
and watch you burn, seeing my reflection  
in the licking flames—and I'll sit  
among your ashes  
and weep for your non-perfection.

Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Going very fast sometimes,  
I have to stop and wonder  
if I'm really moving.

Shadow  
Lynne Wolfe '78

It's only my shadow  
you see in the sun.  
The light, the bright  
are too strong  
pressing beating blinding  
i must hide  
twist and turn and flee.  
Coax me out  
out of the dingy tunnel  
call and plead  
and search  
finally—come in after me  
My shadow quests for  
my own golden grail  
and the legendary  
knight in shining armor.  
\* \* \*

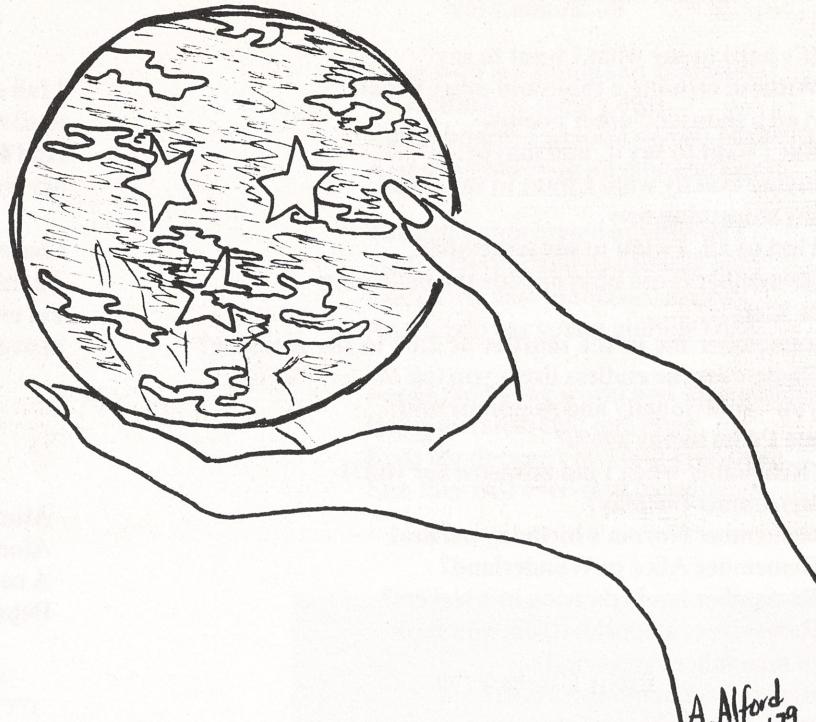
I am stunned . . .  
the light and the blinding bright  
as I finally emerge from darkness  
only to see  
my shadow.

Immune  
Holly Zimmerman '81

If your words were spears meant to  
wound me, all that I can say  
is you must have missed your target—  
I don't feel hurt in any way.  
And if you fell for that other girl  
in hopes that I would see,  
You should know I'm not the jealous type.  
You do underestimate me.  
And if that poison you put in the  
wine really was meant for me  
You've forgotten that I'm no alcoholic—  
I prefer on-the-rocks iced tea.  
And if that knife in my mattress  
was meant to do me in,  
Last night I watched Johnny Carson  
and fell asleep in the den.  
  
But I must admit you're persistent,  
I might add unlucky too.  
How could you see, when you set  
traps for me, that they all  
would backfire on you!

**Of Passing Generations**  
Becky Hinshaw '79

I could write a book  
with your knowledge  
Though you cannot hold a pen  
And you cannot see the paper  
Your cracked smile  
tells a story  
of your forgotten motherhood  
Forgotten by your children  
though they laugh at you  
and treat you as a child, crooning over  
Your ancient photographs of them  
You know so much  
but your age locks your mind  
You remember only your youth  
How sad that we think  
sitting in the sun on the porch  
is enough happiness for one as you  
And when the sun comes out  
on the scorching roof  
You remember something you wanted to tell us.  
But it is never said because, why say it to those  
who blandly smile at your wrinkles  
and look over your shoulder  
at the setting sun?



**Crisis/Crisis Resolved**  
Nicki Pendleton '79

Oh no! There he is!  
Mr. Wonderful!  
And naturally, I have a huge zit on my chin  
And my greasy hair is in a greasy bun  
And my shirt doesn't match my dirty gym shorts.  
I LOOK TERRIBLE!  
My knees are weak and I think I'm going to faint.  
  
Hey! He actually spoke to me!  
He asked me how I was and what I'm doing Saturday night!  
Boy, that makes me feel gorgeous!

Christie Ewing '79

He lay peacefully in the snowy whiteness.  
He was so cold,  
So comfortable,  
Such warm peace.  
The shovel was picked up to clear the way,  
He didn't want to move,  
Yet he was moved and it didn't matter.  
The cold warmth and sweet peace went with him.

**Beast**  
Trilby Williams '80

You are called dumb and rightly so,  
It vexes me why we exist on common soil;  
The bright blossom and ragged bulb together,  
It is no wonder we rule undisturbed.  
Instinct dictates and drives you to kill,  
You stupid thing, for life, no more  
Than struggling to remain;  
You are but an empty savage beast.  
We exceed the clouds above you,  
Our intelligence places unique our beings;  
Knowing more than urges, rather  
Having ability to comprehend our world,  
Everything done grasps greater heights  
And more perfection, we know how  
And even what and when and why;  
You aren't even aware of such marvels.  
No petty drives force us to kill or hurt  
Without our consent nor understanding,  
We know exactly what we're doing.  
Senseless things do not reason and  
Know not of any pleasure and thrills,  
Traits flowing in the veins of even our young,  
Traced to a garden of the past.  
You kill for mere instincts, yet we  
Are aware of the delights of blood;  
We reason and know, and can enjoy.  
Lowly creature, we are your master  
And should we not be elevated above your kind?  
Stupid animal, slink back under your rock  
Until you can be as cultured as we.

**Martha Stamps '79**

It's hard to say what I want to say  
Without echoing a thousand other people  
And a thousand other poems.  
But I want to say it, and maybe, in  
saying exactly what I want to say, I can  
say something new.  
First of all, I want to say remember.  
Remember those boys outside the bathroom  
at Mary's?  
Remember me in the muffler at 2:00 in the morning?  
Remember the endless times you (all of  
you—individually and as group) told  
me I'd be happy again?  
(Remember when I did the same for you?)  
Remember the play?  
Remember Norma's birthday parties?  
Remember Alice in Wonderland?  
Remember hoola dancing in whiskers?  
Remember categories (God, you have  
to remember categories)  
Remember founding S.A.A.?  
Remember infinite nights and  
Sunday afternoons in the park?  
Remember sledding on Chickering?  
Is there any way that any of us could  
possibly remember all "insignificant"  
trifles have made our lives together  
this year?  
After calling to mind these exalted  
moments (and probably boring everyone  
reading this), I want to say thank—  
you.  
Not for giving me a part of yourselves,  
not for making all the good times and  
correcting the bad ones,  
not even for being so very special.  
I want to thank you for being there.  
And thank you—you don't know how  
much—or maybe you do—for letting  
you and you and you, etc., and me  
become us.

**God Is Sad**  
**Jeanne Harris '79**

God is sad today.  
He found out another had been turned away  
from Heaven's gate.  
God never knew the man. He wouldn't let God  
into his life.  
And now they will be complete strangers forever.  
Often I've wondered if Heaven is lonely  
or if grief finds a home there.  
Now I can think of nothing as pitiful  
as a day when God is sad  
and the angels drop human tears.

**Defeated**  
**Trilby Williams '80**

I fall and concentrate on the light thrown to the ceiling  
until my eyes melt away the circle  
And I shake and scream aloud  
My warning for life to stop pressing so hard.

I believed I could escape—just a moment  
An insignificant dream known only to me,  
Yet even such small things are impossible;  
I haven't yet seen that fate always triumphs.

**unnoticed**  
**Suzie Herbert '80**

Alone  
Alone  
A cold, wet tear falls down my cheek  
Depressed  
What's so different about me?  
Never a phone call  
Never a side glance  
What's my problem?  
Can't someone notice me?  
Am I all that bad?  
While you, you leave without a thought  
or a word of care.  
You have fun without a thought I'm here  
Sure go on and have fun  
That's your privilege  
And while you talk of your fun times  
and past loves  
I'm left out  
I'm not part of anything anymore  
Sure, I do my thing  
but it goes unnoticed  
You and my insignificance have helped me  
lose what others call confidence in myself  
Some say confidence stays  
Then that's not what I had  
If it was, then they're wrong  
Because it doesn't stay  
Sure, go ahead  
That's a special privilege granted you  
While I'm left behind without you, them,  
or me.  
unnoticed  
You say it will come with time.  
Well, I'm tired of waiting!  
What do I do in the meantime?  
Help me  
While I wait, I think, and I cry  
I'm desperate and lost.  
Depressed  
Here you'll find a tear-stained face  
And it's unnoticed and alone  
All alone.

**Mr. Kramer's Birthday**  
(To Mr. Kramer)  
Kristen Glasgow '78

Kramer, Kramer  
Birthday boy.  
To his parents, he's a joy.  
But to us, what a lug,  
Sometimes, just "an old stick in the mud!"  
Twenty-eight and going strong,  
Two more years, and he'll get his gong!  
Unmarried and having fun,  
He has yet to find his hun!  
Olympia beer we see him drink,  
But to Miss McMurry, we won't fink!!  
Everyday, he makes us run,  
But course we know,  
It's tons of fun!!  
Out to the park in the H.H. van,  
What a driver, what a MAN!!! (What a joke!!)

(Given to "Kramiere" on his 28th birthday at his annual "embarrassment party"—10/26/77)

**Pruned Limbs Will Die**  
Ann Ewing '80

You prune away at me,  
Like you would a tree.  
Cutting away my faults,  
As you would overgrown limbs.

Because of this, the person  
Inside this being is unknown  
And undefined, like the real  
Beauty of a tree.

If you want me, you must  
Let the limbs of my tree  
Grow, without breaking a  
Twig, because in winter,  
Pruned limbs will die.

**The Rain**  
Trilby Williams '80

The rain keeps falling,  
The children are killed for their country without  
understanding,  
And no one notices when the old women are gone;  
The boys, young and confused,  
Fall, still fighting, under each others hate,  
And the small dog suffers  
And dies alone on the curb.  
And the rain—the dull, cold slate-gray coffin—  
Keeps falling  
To give life.

**Val Cannon '78**

Gone with my childhood fantasies  
On a billow of sugary dust,  
Youth boarded a cloud named Maturity  
And was gone with an Almighty gust.

Though I anticipated adulthood  
With a fervent and passionate lust,  
I recall my past innocence sweetly  
And retain my young gullible trust.

For in facing the world and its problems,  
It is imperative that one must  
Keep the doors of his faith ever-open,  
Else they rust ever-shut by mistrust.



**War**  
Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

Is war really  
two countries fighting  
You never see that  
All you see are  
the dead, the crippled  
and the lost  
The dead are already  
defeated  
The crippled have given up  
And the lost are gone  
I wonder who won.

**Betsy Swartzbaugh '78**

Did you almost tell me it couldn't be done?  
I thought you knew. But, then again,  
even though I told you, how could you understand.  
You don't believe it's possible  
for everything to be possible  
if you believe.  
And so you're stuck with what you think is all the  
world, but isn't; and I'm stuck with mine, but a bit  
larger.

The Puppy  
Trilby Williams '80



H. Mulker

Winter Crazies  
Melissa Norton '81

Frosty icicles threaten me as I run  
to the bleachers at a BGA football game,  
knowing my lab isn't done and we just  
*might* have an English quiz tomorrow and  
I haven't read the book yet!!! GSP\*@?\*!  
And did I forget that I need a good  
grade in Geometry to pull up that horrid  
64 I got on my three-weeks test that I got  
back the other day and my mother  
screamed at me for, and tomorrow my  
club dues go up and I must also  
remember to bring 50c fine to my  
class treasurer for talking at the last  
meeting about that cute guy who was at the  
last game and gee!! don't I hope he'll  
be there again—I might get up the  
courage to ask him to the combo since  
my ex-boyfriend couldn't go 'cause my  
ex-best friend asked him already and  
he hoped I didn't mind—Also . . . I owe  
\$1.00 for my last report card and Mary  
made me promise to help her in Latin . . .  
and I'm going crazy!!!  
but, what the heck . . .  
It's winter!

He was just always there  
I wouldn't have had to look to know that  
If I had thought of looking.

Thinking back, I suppose there was once  
When I would have noticed and held his presence  
But that was only at first.

It never mattered if I cared  
For he waited all the same for kindness  
And he got so little.

It often came in harsh words  
Pain, or clear, bored annoyance  
I guess that's how I repaid love.

Yet more often there was simply none  
No precious time to waste on this  
Too much was given to duty.

So when he was not there  
Suffering quietly for a thought from me  
I first sensed the wrong I had done.

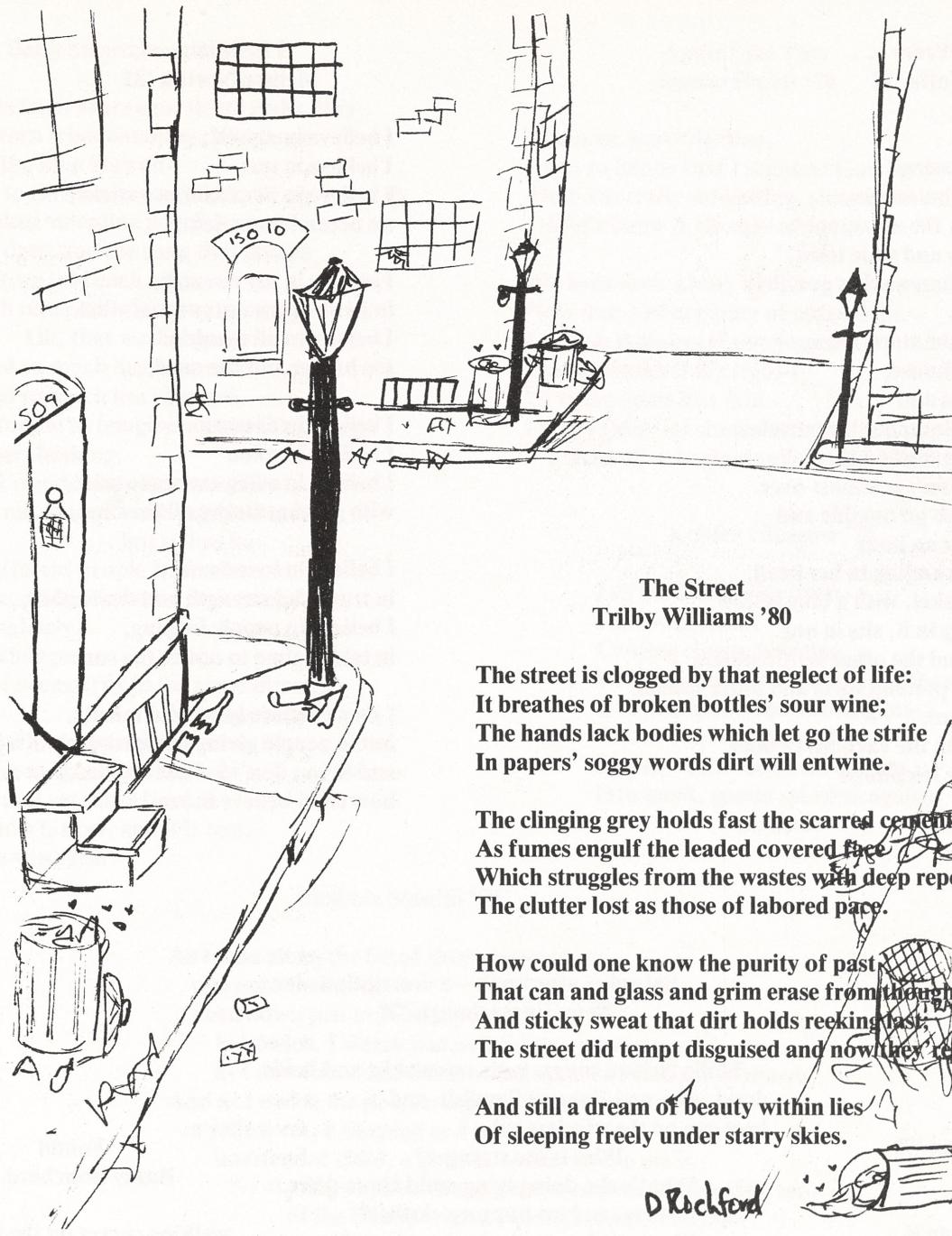
Friends  
Kristen Glasgow '78

(To my very special friends  
in the Senior Class of 1978)

A laugh, a tear, a hug  
Make up a friend.  
A smile, a thought, a secret  
Are what friends share.  
We grow together,  
But you are still you.  
I still I.  
We will soon say goodbye  
And go our separate ways.  
But those laughs, tears, and hugs  
Will keep us friends forever.

Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

Why don't you care  
I don't think you ever tried  
I could understand  
if they hurt you  
but your apathy comes  
from inside  
Others didn't do it  
You did it to yourself  
You're missing so much



Us  
Christie Ewing '79

It was lightly sprinkling outside  
I was in a car;  
We were going for a ride.  
I saw a few drops on the door window  
One drop was slowly moving along the window  
There were a few near it;  
It was many behind a row.  
It was getting near the end of the window  
Ready to blow off into the wind  
When it bumped into another of its kind  
And together they travelled  
Held together in a tight bind  
Until they reached their end  
And blew into the wind.

The Street  
Trilby Williams '80

The street is clogged by that neglect of life:  
It breathes of broken bottles' sour wine;  
The hands lack bodies which let go the strife  
In papers' soggy words dirt will entwine.

The clinging grey holds fast the scarred cement,  
As fumes engulf the leaded covered fence  
Which struggles from the wastes with deep repent,  
The clutter lost as those of labored pace.

How could one know the purity of past  
That can and glass and grim erase from thought,  
And sticky sweat that dirt holds reeking fast,  
The street did tempt disguised and now they're caught.

And still a dream of beauty within lies/  
Of sleeping freely under starry skies.

D Rockford



Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

Slouched on the sofa  
with a stern concentrated look  
playing the guitar.

His foot tapping the floor  
Smiling when he succeeds  
Cursing when he doesn't  
He has worked hard  
It might be the only time  
that he will  
He's my brother.

Incomplete  
Lynne Wolfe '78

It rang and rang.  
It rang at your house,  
but no one answered  
to stop my ringing,  
so I replaced the phone  
and walked off to  
search for a solitude  
loud enough to stop the ringing  
that continued in my ears.

**In Twenty Years . . .**  
**Lynne Wolfe '78**

In twenty years . . .  
The picture is focusing . . .  
a faded green housedress,  
a cup of coffee, the newspaper,  
congealing eggs and stale toast,  
and a tired woman waving goodbye  
to the hook-up.  
Methodically, she starts from  
the back of the house,  
making the beds and  
halfheartedly thumping the curtains.  
With a sigh, she flips on the T.V.  
"All My Children" is almost over.  
She would like to go outside and  
sit in the sun for an hour  
to escape the pounding in her head,  
but the washbasket, with a lazy yellow  
tomcat reclining in it, sits in one  
lounge chair, and the other is threadbare  
from too many pretend forts and horse jumps,  
and too little care.  
So she plays with the vacuum cleaner  
and answers the telephone  
when it rings.

**I Believe . . .**  
**Melissa Norton '81**

I believe in myself;  
I believe in me;  
I believe in fire from two sticks,  
an ocean from a sea.

I believe in my country;  
in its strong points and its weak;  
I believe in all mankind;  
the bolder and the meek.

I believe in dreams;  
I believe in mine  
I believe in using every moment,  
with good attitudes all the time.

I believe in love for all,  
in truth and strength and dedication;  
I believe in people helping,  
in taking time to notice the sun.

I don't believe in wasted talents,  
but in people giving and people with a job to do;  
and if you don't believe in your own self,  
how can I believe in you!

**Us**  
**Nicki Pendleton '79**

Forgive us  
We didn't mean it  
We are so moody  
So rash with our anger  
So impulsive with our words  
So changeable  
And we've changed  
We won't do it again  
That's just the way we are  
My twin and I  
Gemini

**Saturday afternoon—a description.**  
**Betsy Swartzbaugh '78**

Willie Nelson songs, gum, sweatshirt and Levis,  
dried roses and fingernail polish, and a  
beer can on the window sill.

Who is the stranger?  
What's she doing lying amid china dolls,  
posters, and un-hung up clothes?  
Plants sitting on the bathroom sink  
in an empty plastic box top because  
she didn't know what else to do  
with it except set it next to her  
bobby pins, lotion, and dirty hose, not  
to mention the candy wrapper.  
Who is this lying next to the phone,  
with Willie playing a little too loud,  
and the stuffed animals on the bedspread  
that matches the sheets, and the  
curtains, and the towels and the shower  
curtain?

Is she real?  
Is she soft?  
Is she rough?  
Even S. Holmes would be confused  
—but I'm not.

**Found**  
**Buzzy Bouchard '79**

walking curves on the fine  
needle carpets,  
wondering what it is all for.  
only rays gave light to my way.

came along the sunlit green surprise.  
this is where i began to realize  
my world was in bright view.  
gazing up in awe  
as i took in the Son.

Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

little notes from years ago, ticket stubs, tiny pebbles worn from handling, a lai from a date to the Blue Hawaii.

Refusing to throw away anything he's given me, a broken valentine pencil from our very first date, and the song that played right after we told each other we loved each other still clouding me over.

Oh, that was long ago.

and so much has happened  
and so much has changed.

it's hard for me to imagine some of the things I remember thinking,

and I wonder how he can still be  
with me, since I've changed so much,  
but so has he.

We are different people from when we fell in love, and yet now we love more fully, more completely.

We've changed,  
not necessarily in the same direction  
but together.

And so I still refuse to throw away that old note from ages past that was so corny, and yet just as real as our love now is now, and it is real.

I love you, dear.

Melinda Stanfill '78

As I pass along the fitted shops interwoven  
one unto the other,  
head down just beyond my feet,  
I watch. I watch just as I did two years ago and  
as I do often—not being called upon to act at the moment.  
And as I watch the people: a girl in funny shoes with  
a yellow cat, a sleeping and seemingly  
unattended child, a girl who walks beside me in  
the rhythm of my pace, and a man reminding me  
of the bishop whom I have just met (but shall  
not forget), I smile at some as others pass unnoticed  
and wish that if it was never necessary to act—  
that it was never necessary for me to act—  
that I could go on walking whispering  
long-known words from an Al Stewart song  
and smiling at some while I passed unnoticed.  
But I am unhappy in this  
and as the sole of my boot fits  
among the grooves of the cobbled street  
as the houses fit among their own grooves  
I turn, no longer whispering words  
of a song I once knew too well,  
but praying that  
perhaps tonight it would not be necessary  
for me to act, but that I might tomorrow  
and that I might in some way of which I am unsure  
be ready to accept  
that which I am unwilling to stop  
but willing to postpone.

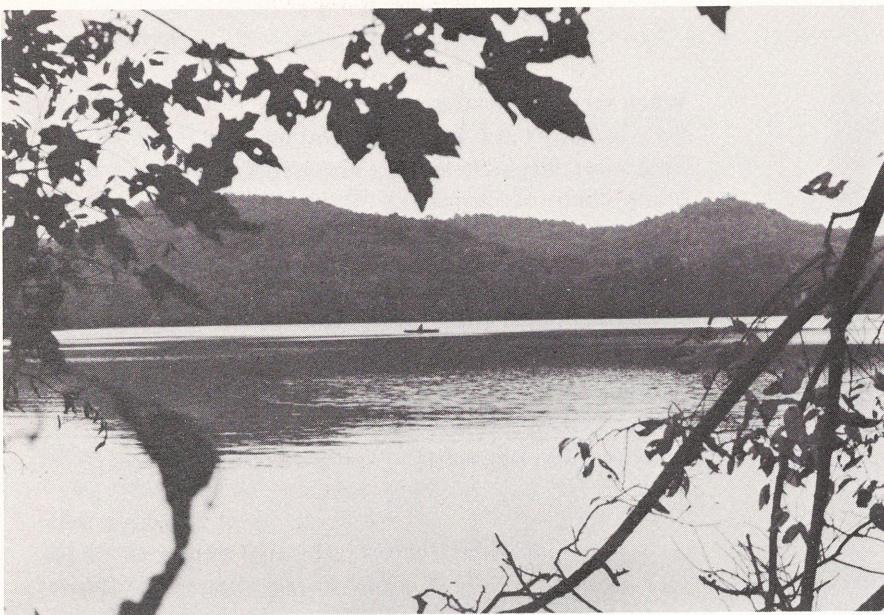
Apart Like This  
Jeanne Harris '79

When we were together,  
I was so happy that I thanked God for you.  
That was really something, since before then  
I didn't know if He existed.

It's been such a long time now since we talked.  
Now that I have plenty of spare time,  
I end up thinking about you a lot.  
And I wonder if it's right—  
Us being apart like this.  
I really think we should talk,  
because I'm beginning to doubt His existence again.

Kristen Glasgow '78

I sit here watching them—  
Far away, small  
Coming closer, building . . .  
Building—until they reach for the sky  
And crash into one swirling mass.  
White, foamy—powerful.  
Strong—until they smooth out  
Into meek, gentle splashes against  
my feet.



Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Shhh.

Order has descended.

I can hear my watch ticking, and silence.

I can see that everything is in place.

Even the roses are perfectly aligned.

Even the nail polish is perfect.

Only the broken pen and the can opener on the dresser would let one know that the occupant doesn't live this way.

That maybe perhaps it's all a facade to try and cleanse the egyptian dancing girl with India colors and flashing eyes that seems to so ruin life.

But once again it looks as if Order has descended, rather than her ascending.

Shhh.

She's sleeping now, and should she rise, so would Order.

Just let her sleep a while.

Order might like it here.

#### He Doesn't Know Name Withheld

He doesn't know what he's done—he doesn't know how he's hurt. Ironic, isn't it?  
That he's totally oblivious to me while I dream of him night and day—and yet on the other hand—maybe, just maybe I'm totally oblivious to someone who has me on his thoughts. Guess it all balances out. But it doesn't seem fair, does it?

#### Untitled Wendy Dobyns '81

Can anyone see me?  
Does anyone know me?  
Do they know I am here,  
And I am filled with fear?  
Do they know or do they care?

Am I really here,  
Or am I just built of air?  
Do they know I am in pain?  
Do they think I am insane?  
Do they really treat me fair?  
Do they know or do they care?

Am I alive or am I dead?  
My love is gone and my heart  
No longer fed.  
Am I strange or mentally rearranged?  
I can't find happiness anywhere.  
Do they know or do they care?

I feel they can't see me and they can't  
hear me, but they can.  
They can hear me and they can  
see me.  
The fact is they don't want to know  
and they don't want to care.

#### Melissa Norton '81

I've often wondered what it'd be like to be an actress,

spotlights behind me,  
crowded spectators in front.

And I'd stand in front of a mirror,  
and sing, as if to someone.  
Songs of love, as if for someone.

'Course I never really knew what the words meant,  
nor what being an actress really is,  
minus the glamor and false appearances.

It's the make-believe loves that never really are,  
stage laughs and inside cries,  
to any star.

I finally realized, when the curtains went up,  
along with the lights,  
reflecting over a desolate theater.

It was then I knew,  
as I made my debut,  
in the biggest sell-out drama to hit Broadway,  
entitled simply  
"Life."

Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

A breeze of some familiar air flows  
by  
with memories of times gone by  
and thoughts.

You can love me  
or you can leave me  
but don't hurt me  
don't say you'll stay  
then walk away,  
and desert me

it smelled of blossoms late in Spring  
of daffodils—and crawdads.

If you push me I'll fall down  
If you hurt me I'll cry and crawl around  
and If you leave me  
I may never again be found.

But soon it left and the air was clean  
the rain was soft, and the wind was mean  
and the colors could be seen.

This is one game I play for keeps  
Where the loser laughs  
and the winner weeps

And then I opened my eyes.

I Love It When  
Jeannie Cochran '79

I love it when . . . .

. . . . I look at my best friend and she  
immediately knows what's wrong

. . . . It's cold outside and I sit by the  
glowing, crackling fire, listening to James  
Taylor

. . . . the season changes to autumn and you  
walk out the door and can just smell fall and  
the trees look like a golden sun ray swept down  
and touched them

. . . . I'm riding down the road in a car and  
a super song comes on and it makes me happy

. . . . my father comes in my room and sits  
at the foot of my bed and *really* talks, and  
*really* listens.

. . . . I pray and am answered.

Martha Stamps '79

Driving to school one morning  
With goose pimpled, bobby-sox legs.  
Those "foul mouthed" announcers  
Mother hates are on the radio.  
Suddenly, almost naturally (still), I think  
of a Wednesday night driving up and down  
Belle Meade shouting Beatles' songs at  
the top of our lungs. (Young Life really lasted late, Mom)  
I remember a slow southern accent  
on the phone when 5000 miles from home,  
an evening on a rock in North Carolina,  
a blue daisy on your favorite red dress.  
I smile an instant,  
but my throat feels funny.  
My hand automatically moves to my face.  
I'm fine Mom, there's just something in  
my eye.

Moment of Awareness  
Holly Zimmerman '81

Now all is dark  
save one dim light I see  
and I think  
and feel  
and search for reasons  
and for words to do justice to  
the concepts I've found  
or at least  
the utter confusion and yearning  
when they're lost.

Concepts are just within my reach,  
yet beyond my grasp.

Now even the dim light has faded.  
Yes, surely this is a blessed moment.

Christie Ewing '79

I'm standing aside watching a story;  
It's a good "real-life" story.  
I try to predict the ending  
keeping in mind that everything always  
turns out right in the end.  
But, unlike most books I read or  
movies I watch,  
I can't see the end.  
For the story is my own.

**One Silent Moment**  
Heather Muller '80

The cool, black waves lip-lapped against the shore,  
A silver moon slipped from behind the clouds,  
and flinted its unearthly light across the water,  
like diamonds twinkling upon dark velvet.  
The glittering jewels formed a path out to the  
edge of night and sea.  
An elfin path, inhuman and untravelled or  
a white snake which slithered on the back of  
the sea, daring to expose itself to this world  
for one silent moment.  
Then the moon slipped behind the clouds and  
the cool, black waves lip-lapped against  
the shore.



**To You My Sisters of '77 (or '78)**  
Jennie Diefendorf '79

(To you my sisters of '77  
Do I dedicate this poem  
For the laughs, the tears, the joys, the struggles  
And most of all, the love shared).

As you leave me on this day  
I wish for you the world  
You, as one, could conquer all.  
You, individually, will drive through.

But I, left behind, cannot perceive  
that which is in front of you.  
It is beyond me  
Yet almost knocking at my door.

The universe is full of you  
And you of it.  
Your eyes reflect its sunlight  
Your heart beats its rhythm.

As you stand as virgins white  
My eyes melt you as one  
I, alone relive our yesterdays  
Yes, only yesterday.

**Days**  
Kandi Heckler '81

Remember the days you told me you  
loved me,  
Remember the days you said you  
cared,  
Well, all is gone now of our love  
once shared.

Two years ago I was walking  
down the aisle,  
and you were standing there  
with your great big smile.  
You said I was beautiful,  
You looked so handsome.

Our pictures together were something  
to remember, but now everything  
has stopped.  
Our lives have ended,  
for it was the drunk man's  
fault with the broken fender.

**2:00 In The Morning**  
Becky Hinshaw '79

I'm dying  
Oh, I'm dying  
I can't stop the wheels of time  
I feel so helpless with my mind  
trapped in a body  
made of dust.  
Ashes to ashes,  
dust to dust  
Romance passions,  
worldly lusts  
Dear Lord  
All I want to say  
Is a man really free in this world today  
Is a man really free?  
With a clearness that only a child can tell, I'll tell you  
Man is a slave to himself  
Only a slave to himself.  
Oh, I'm dying.

**Kitty Cawood '79**

I asked a Cheshire Cat  
which way to go.  
He gave no direction—  
just declared the world is mad.  
I asked a white rabbit, then  
What I should do.  
He said he had no time and  
muttered something about  
fans and gloves.  
The White Queen just  
told me to  
run and run and run.  
My heart and my head told me  
to come back home—  
Wonderland has no answers for me.

**Betsy Swartzbaugh '78**

Stiff but not still  
it wavers but does not bend  
silhouetted against the blue,  
it stands alone  
with so many others.  
(I almost said 'he'  
—could be.  
But I'm thinking of a twig  
on a tree  
could be, could be.)

**A Poet Inspired**  
Val Cannon '78

With plume in hand, I sit and pause,  
In wait for some ingenious clause  
To flow across this parchment here  
Upon my pad. No one is near.

I anxiously anticipate  
The lines appearing on my slate,  
In silence, as with quill I scribe  
The words I wish to be imbibed.

A wave engulfs my stormy brain.  
The rush retreats. My brain is drained.  
At last my message leaves it lee.  
The tide has ebbed. My thoughts drift  
free.

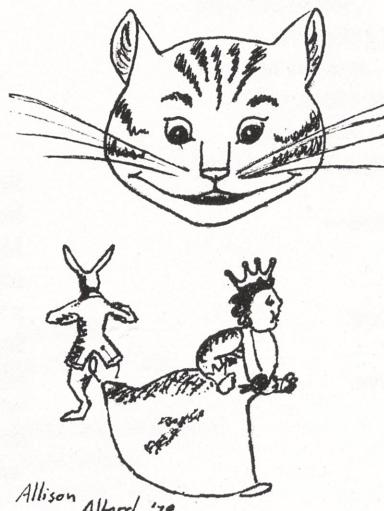
**Everything**  
Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

to see you  
makes everything  
simpler

to hear you  
makes everything  
clearer

to touch you  
makes everything  
easier

to love you  
makes everything



**I Love You**  
Christie Ewing '79

The more you say it,  
The less it means.  
But the more you show it,  
The more she beams.

To say it means nothing,  
To live it means more.  
To hear "me, too"  
She'll deplore.

Kiss her lightly  
This will do.  
Then forever,  
She will, too.

Betsy Swartbaugh '78

Lines of sorrow etched across fields of gold  
    crying for green  
    growing to brown  
    and dying.

This is where man has tracked  
large footprints filled with water  
    from an ending stream  
    crying for green  
    growing to brown  
    and dying.

It doesn't have to be that way.  
Beauty is made from beauty  
    and Ugly from dead,  
but we let the fields weep  
    and the oceans sigh,  
    crying for green  
    growing to brown  
    and dying.

It's a way of life  
    for some men,  
    It's a way of death  
    for others.

To a Very Special Someone  
Jennifer Orth '79

You're on your own now—  
I've done everything I can for you,  
and now it's up to you.  
I've helped you, listened to you, loved you—  
But I won't always be there,  
and I don't think you'd want me to be.  
I hate to see you leave—it's hard to let you  
    go.  
But someone once told me that if you love  
    something, let it go—  
If it's truly yours, it will return to you.  
If not, it was never yours to begin with.  
You will come back, won't you?

Norda Aguila '80

Going through life is like licking  
your favorite flavored, luscious,  
sweet all day sucker. You  
savor each moment you have it.  
You try to let it last as long as you  
can because just when you think  
you've got more to come, as time  
passes by, it turns out that you've  
run out. No more licking. No  
more sweetness. All that is left  
is the stick to remind you of what  
was on it.

A Modern Folksong  
Lynne Wolfe '78

I had a hammer.  
I started to hammer in the morning,  
but the telephone rang . . .  
I left the hammer out in the rain  
    and it rusted.

I had a bell.  
I rang it in the morning,  
but the neighbors complained they couldn't sleep  
so I let it be  
    and it cracked.

I had a song.  
I sang it in the morning,  
but I couldn't mark it on paper  
so the song was left  
to echo in the wind  
    and it blew away.

Yes, I had a hammer, and I had a bell,  
and I had a song to sing—all over this land  
but, oh brothers and sisters,  
    where have they gotten me?

Jeannie Cochran '79

Sometimes, I become so frustrated at the  
inadequacies of words to express myself the way I  
feel. Words cannot always describe a feeling  
and it is so aggravating when you have  
a special feeling and want to share it with  
someone, because that makes it even more  
special. It's just like all of a sudden  
when you get a wonderful feeling inside,  
and want so badly to explain it, but can't  
because of the inadequacy of words.

Silence: A "Letter" From The Lake  
Beth Bowers '79

It was midnight—  
I sat by the River  
On my favorite bank,  
And watched a barge travel up it,  
And all became still again.  
I listened and heard silence,  
True silence,  
For the first time . . .  
And then I thought of how nice it would be  
To enjoy what I experienced,  
And to share my favorite spot with you . . .  
And only you.

**Reflections**  
**Nicki Pendleton '79**

I ate my ice cream slowly  
and thought of him.  
Smooth, cold, and indifferent  
(like the ice cream)  
And I stared at my reflection  
in a store window  
(a bookstore)

My ice cream melted  
and dripped off the cone  
Crying lemon ice and pistachio tears  
for the love I never had.



**Expressing Myself**  
**Melissa Norton '81**

The words on my paper remain  
just words,  
for my thoughts remain locked inside  
my head and my heart;

so you can't catch my meaning.  
I can't express myself very clearly;

but maybe someday you'll understand  
my feelings,  
and you won't be able to show  
me you understand;

for words for you won't come either.

Ann Ewing '80

I turn and look at the  
ground. Your name  
glistens in the sun, and  
The rock sits deep in  
the soil.

I turn away and the  
forbidden tears  
wash away my thoughts.  
The emptiness and unbearable  
silence of aimlessness  
ring throughout my head.

Names, places, things,  
all reminders of your  
presence; all recalls of  
Your absence

**La Pluie**  
**Allison Harper '81**

La nuit, la pluie tombe à terre  
Lentement, lentement.  
Elle fait les "pitters" et les  
"patters" sur la maison,  
et elle commence à faire une chanson  
"Plip, plop. Pitter, patter,"  
elle chante tranquillement.

Et soudain, le ciel est illuminé,  
et il y a un grand bruit dans la nuit!  
Mais ce-ci dure seulement un moment,  
et le ciel devient noir,  
et la pluie commence encore une fois.  
"Plip-plop. Pitter-patter,"  
elle chante avec une petite voix.

Il devient tard, et je dois m'endormir.  
La pluie commence à s'affaiblir,  
S'affaiblir, s'affaiblir,  
S'af - fai - blir . . .

**I Am Here**  
**Lisa Rudolph '80**

Hey—don't worry,  
I'm here.  
I'll never leave you.  
Even though you may not hear me  
And see me,  
And even though you may not feel me...  
Sometimes.  
I'm here.  
Don't give up on me—  
I didn't give up on you.  
Fight for me—  
I fought for you—  
Love me—  
I loved you.  
Trust me—  
I trusted you  
Suffer for me—  
I suffered for you.  
Live for me—  
I died for you!

**Melissa Norton '81**

Take me back to my childhood,  
that peace so far away;  
the land of mystical apple trees,  
green and golden in their day.

Let me relive those memories,  
bring the fondest back;  
Enwrap me in past tears and smiles,  
even those I lacked.

Recall all those friends  
who made living worth;  
who gave me little pleasures,  
pleasures as precious as mirth.

But now today is here,  
and the past is nostalgic yesteryear;  
the present is full of prospects,  
the future bright and clear.

**I Know That You Know My Number**  
**Beth Bowers '79**

I've loved you and hated you  
All in one day,  
And we've been friends,  
Close friends through the hardest of times,  
And we've laughed together through the  
easiest times—  
Yet lately,  
Everytime I call, you tell me you're busy;  
Maybe I shouldn't try to be your friend  
anymore—  
You never call me back when you say you  
will,  
And it's been three weeks since I  
heard from you:  
**I Know That You Know My Number!**

**Beth Ely '80**

Once upon a time  
I dreamt I was a goddess  
and I wanted to be as beautiful as a star  
but the dressmaker wouldn't let me  
and he made me change back into me  
and then sent me to the King's ball anyway  
and instead of entering like a Queen  
I came and no one noticed  
and I left and no one cared  
so I waited at home, alone in the dark  
dreaming of being beautiful  
waiting for another invitation . . .

**Who Is She?**  
**Jeannie Cochran '79**

Who is she? I mean,  
what is *she* really like,  
deep down? She is so much  
a part of the crew, the crowd,  
the "cool clan" that she seems  
to have lost her own identity—  
Her self-image is with the  
mass—she dresses like one person,  
talks like one person, and molds  
her personality out of yet one more  
person. Who is she?

**A Child's Dream**  
**Ann Ewing '80**

My little secret hideaway,  
A special place to me;  
Precious jewels and power tools  
That only I can see.

Traveling to distant lands,  
But never even moving.  
Counting all the stars and sands,  
But never even thinking.

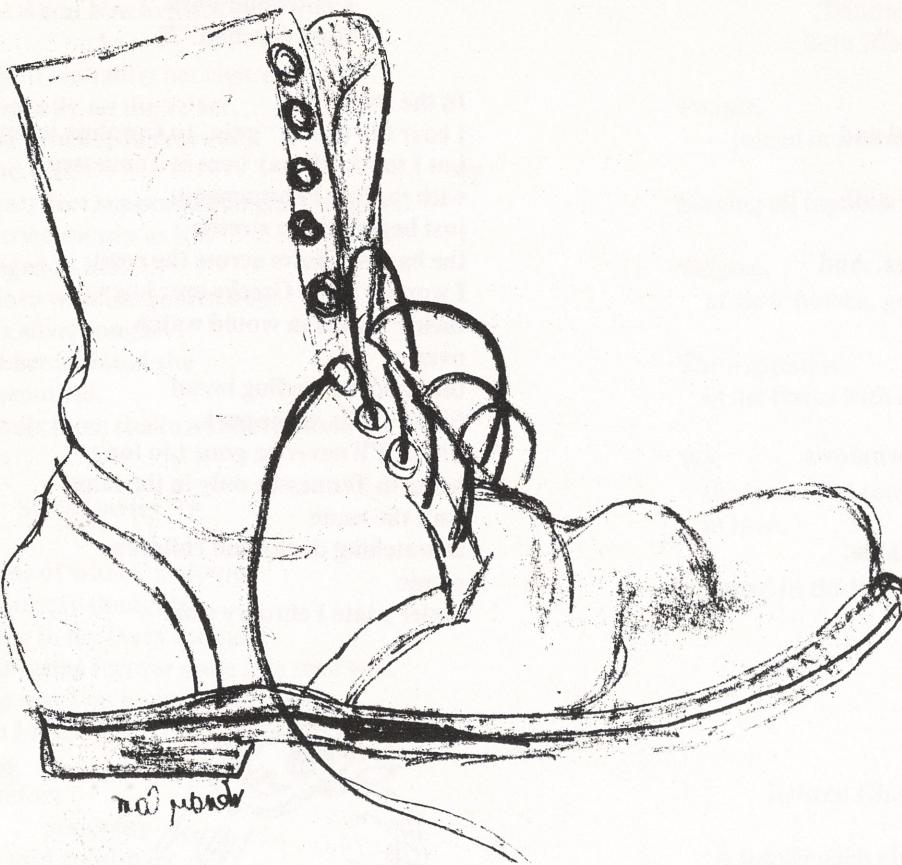
This place belongs to only me,  
I go there every day.  
A place to sit and dream  
My little secret hideaway.

**Untitled**  
**Nicki Pendleton '79**

Here's to waking up at seven for four years  
And to staying up late for exams  
And staying out late for proms  
Here's to chilly nights at a football game  
And warm days spent sunbathing behind the gym  
Here's to ten thousand themes written  
and ten thousand tests taken  
and ten thousand notes written and received  
in class  
Here's to all the packs of crackers and Tabs  
And my messy locker  
And my lost leotards  
And Monday mornings  
Here's to high school  
I wish I could stay sixteen forever . . .

**To The Class of '79**  
**Christie Ewing '79**

There is a senior poem written every year  
But I want to write one to my class  
before we take the small step into next year  
And then the large step to . . . who knows?  
Most of us have changed this year  
Even more than we will next year.  
The play really brought us together  
And the prom was hard work  
But not as hard as it might have been  
If we hadn't been One.  
There is no way to end this poem  
because there's so much more to say  
because we haven't finished . . .



Beth Ely '80

Do you see  
What you're doing  
do you care, do you know  
Do you wonder why we wander  
never knowing where to go  
I'll kill your brother for a nickel  
rape your mother for a dime  
take your home and all your land  
drink your blood, taste your wine  
when I'm hungry I am restless  
when I'm hurt I don't feel  
when I want I am cunning  
I kill dreams for a meal  
Friend don't you see my mobs serve no master  
My people have one friend  
while we wander, weary wondering  
whether seasons end  
we are insecure, we are lonely  
and yet in summer's smile strife will cease  
in winter's beauty there is pain  
in winter's finish there is peace . . . .

**The Warning**  
Beth Richardson '79

As I walk past familiar paths

I see,  
myself.

As I wander by treasured spots

I see,  
you.

As I cross the bridges of life

I see,  
hope.

But when I stop moving

I see,  
nothing.

**Untitled**  
Nicki Pendleton '79

1000 crystal bottles  
on the dresser

each one holds a different perfume  
some smell of a flowery meadow  
or a silk evening gown  
or a goodnight kiss  
or fresh herbs  
or an oriental market  
or a hot summer night

choose who you want to be . . . . .

**Emotions**  
Susie Davies '79

From happy to sad  
circles of emotion rotate,  
and jump,  
and skip.

Some small circles, some large,  
some perfectly round, some a bit lopsided—  
Different circles for different people  
but all very real and alive—  
all individual.  
Celebrate your nonconformity.

**Durham Cathedral—**

**"It seemed I stood all alone . . ."**

**Melinda Stanfill '78**

The sky parted as the people talked and  
the couple  
walking along their self-made path  
kissed and then laughed  
and talked of many things. And  
as they talked a woman  
was praying alone unseen  
by most of the tourists  
presenting an image  
that was reflected on the  
floor and from the high windows  
blinding the God  
and making the ones  
that saw her uncomfortable.

**Ode To Winter**  
**Lynne Wolfe '78**

This is an ode to spring.  
But in describing yellow daffodils  
and brilliant green mornings  
all I could picture was  
an icicle hanging from the eaves  
and dripping slow thoughtful  
drops onto the black pavement.  
In tentative tiptoeings through  
emerging tulips, the richness  
and the fullness fade away  
to the stark beauty  
of grey skies and white flakes  
of winter snow falling  
softly to the ground  
and lingering.

**Betsy Swartzbaugh '78**

Flowers bustling out in  
their yellow dresses rimmed in white  
or maybe violet—their bonnets and  
bows in place.

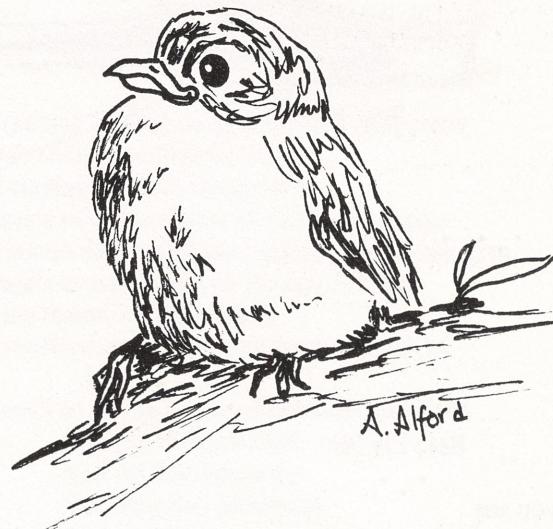
Birds singing heralds to a risen  
father and newborn child and  
getting in tune for the summer symphony  
the major social event of the season  
to which all the trees will wear the  
prettiest laces and gloves.  
All trying to get as much happiness in before fall.

**Centennial Park**

**Mimi Nischan '78**

**In the song**

I hear the words "goin' to Carolina in my mind"  
but I think I'll stay here in Tennessee  
with the late February sun  
just beginning to stretch  
the bare shadows across the road.  
I wonder if the Greeks ever knew  
their Parthenon would watch  
over  
the children feeding bread  
to the ducks in the park.  
I hope I'll never be gone too long—  
being in Tennessee only in the mind  
isn't the same  
as watching ducks and children  
picnic  
under a late February sun.



**Jennifer Orth '79**

What do I care  
if you're hurting inside?  
I didn't cause it—it's not my fault.  
You've hurt me too—it's more than you could  
possibly imagine.  
And why should I feel sorry for you  
When my whole life has turned into  
one big nightmare  
and nothing's like it was—all because of you?  
And why do I cry at your sorrow  
when every part of me aches with pain  
of my own?  
It's because you've touched me with your  
smile  
And the pain is lost in the warmth of your  
laugh.  
It's because I love you.

**Lee Anne MacKenzie '79**

She, slightly inhaling her cigarette,  
sits arrogantly on the velvet.  
The gold brocade falls heavily  
behind her.  
Her dainty feet suppressed in glass slippers.  
She married money as if it  
belonged to her.  
Fell in love with the golden boy  
with a silver tongue  
He held her and said she  
was beautiful.  
What fools these shallow reflections are.

**Susie Davies '79**

Regardless of what I'm doing  
You invade my thoughts.  
Appearing in my every moment  
until it seems forever since I've seen you.  
I wonder why you haven't written—  
But then I realize that it was only  
the day  
before  
yesterday  
That we said good-bye.

**A Middle Aged Woman to Her Husband**  
**Nicki Pendleton '79**

The color of my hair  
comes out of a bottle  
The glow in my cheeks  
and the color of my lips  
comes from a drawer full of  
tubs, tubes, jars, and pans  
My figure comes from Gloria Marshall  
and Diet Pepsi

But the gleem in my eyes  
and the smile on my face  
are still from you.

**Security Defined**  
**Nicki Pendleton '79**

Security isn't his arms  
holding me in safely  
Security isn't being loved  
by everyone  
Security isn't being wealthy  
Security isn't being beautiful  
or making straight "A's"  
But security is being pleased with myself,  
just as I am.

**Tribute to A.F.S.**  
**Beth Richardson '79**

People,  
—joined in a circle.  
Singing all together.  
Singing,  
of their homes, good times and friends.  
The happiness  
in me flares with a slight smile.

We,  
the leaders of tomorrow are united here  
in love.  
—united in the love of Peace.

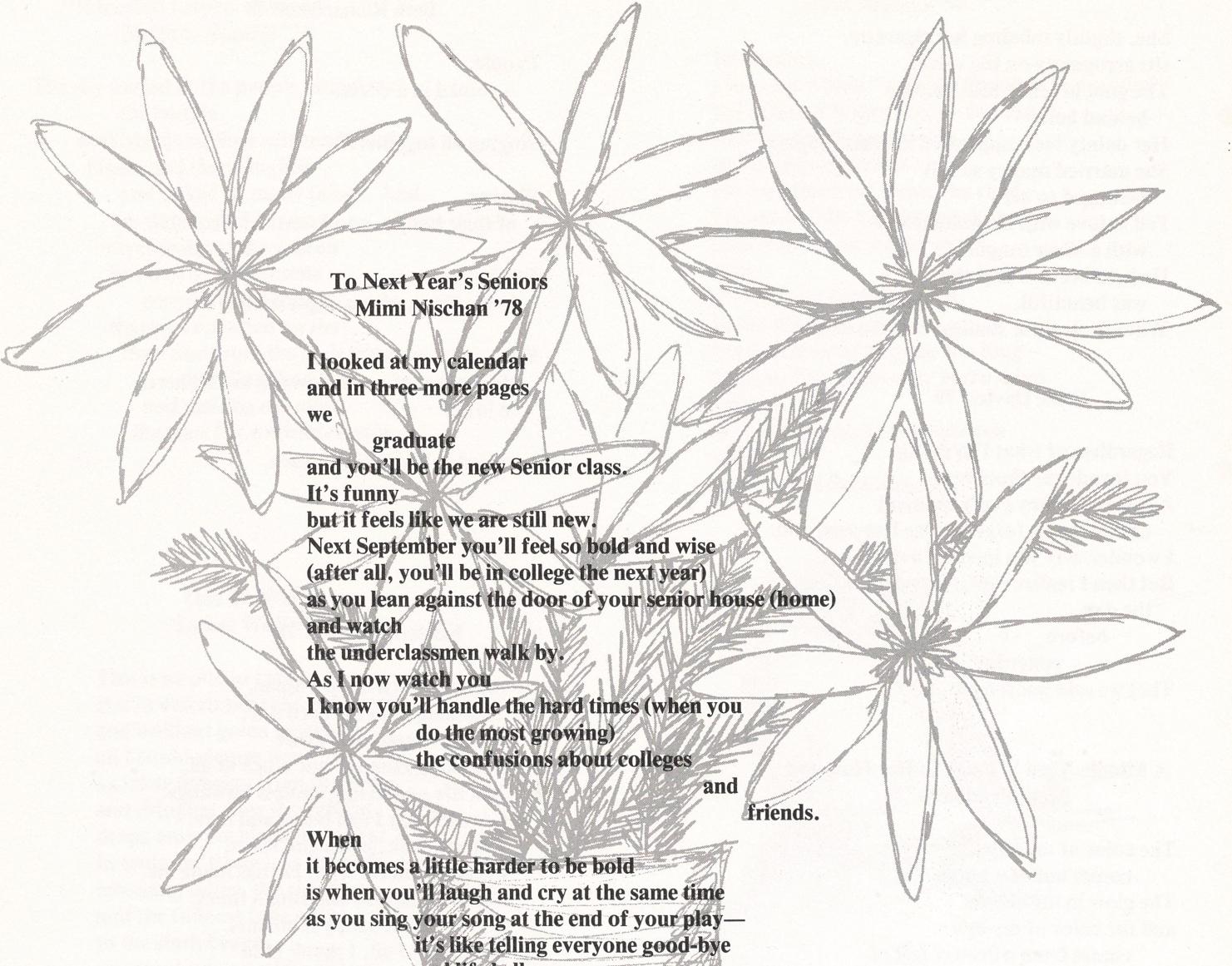
**Kristen Glasgow '78**

A prayer each night I make,  
Thanking Him for each day,  
For each laugh and smile  
Thanking Him for not much at all,  
Just life and living, endless blessings.  
For each day I can laugh and love,  
Run and talk, listen and learn,  
I thank Him for what He has made me,  
For the mistakes and rough times,  
and happy moments.  
But most of all, I thank Him  
For letting me be.

**My Poems**  
**Catherine Fleming '79**

Vainly, pushing out my feelings.  
I write, I scribble down many words . . .  
but few letters spell out the *real* words.  
I'm scared. My thoughts hesitate to flow,  
they drift in other paths following different  
footsteps of my mind.

My poems are fires. Starting from a spark,  
then building, but spreading too thin too fast—  
the pattern is lost. Oh, I envy rivers easily  
flowing in abundant words tracing the same  
lines. I'm frustrated, this, is only a sentence  
of my speech.



To Next Year's Seniors  
Mimi Nischan '78

I looked at my calendar  
and in three more pages  
we  
graduate  
and you'll be the new Senior class.

It's funny  
but it feels like we are still new.  
Next September you'll feel so bold and wise  
(after all, you'll be in college the next year)  
as you lean against the door of your senior house (home)  
and watch  
the underclassmen walk by.

As I now watch you  
I know you'll handle the hard times (when you  
do the most growing)  
the confusions about colleges  
and  
friends.

When  
it becomes a little harder to be bold  
is when you'll laugh and cry at the same time  
as you sing your song at the end of your play—  
it's like telling everyone good-bye  
and life hello.

What we must pass down to you (along with the senior house)  
is the feeling you'll get  
when you look at your calendar

and  
realize

that only three pages away  
is  
graduation  
and you won't be able to call it home much longer.

Good Luck.

Wendy Carr '78



